enth, Twelfth and Ninth regiments followed

mounted on a sorrel thoroughbred, rode by.

ment, Colonel Clark in command, went by with

the precision of machinery, amid the plandits

of the crowd. Colonel James Cavanagh, proudly

passed, gave President Arthur an opportunity

Grand Marshal James B. Horner, with his

simile in uniform and precision of marching of

marked among them all by his white charger,

The sailors of the men-of-war Kearsarge and

uniform toddled along at the head of James

C. Rice Post and the Second Division, and the

crowd clapped their hands and waved their

The appearance of the Duryea and Hawkins

Zouaves and the old Fire Zouaves and Sixty-

ninth volunteer veterans called forth ringing

cheers, and as their tattered battle-flags were

and the air became alive with waving hand-

kerchiefs and hats. The Fire Zonaves carried

among their flags the one which was first to

reach the rebel works at the siege of York-

unteers hung in shreds from its staff. Colonel

Lang's Highland volunteer veterans also bore

battle-flags, and the Mexican War veterans,

clad in Continental uniform, carried Mexican

flags captured in battle. A huge floral wagon

was drawn by six horses, three abreast, amid

the ranks of the veterans. Half a dozen little

girls, dressed in red, white and blue silk, sat

dais in the center sat a golden-haired damsel,

who bowed to the President and smiled when

with gold tassels, and striking uniforms marked

them half a mile away. They marched as if

worked by machinery. The cadets of the

Peekskill Military Academy also got hearty

plaudits. A little girl, clad in a dress of red,

white and blue silk, with a handsome sash

over her shoulder, led Judson Kilpatrick Post,

143. She waved a small silk flag in salute to

The Veteran Guard and Lincoln Guard of

colored men received an ovation, and when

Koltes Post went by with its fifteen battle-flags

A long line of wagons loaded with flowers

intended for use in the cemeteries ended the

procession, which for two hours had been

streaming past the grand stand. Continuing

down Broadway to Fourteenth street, around

the various organizations were dismissed at

When the floral division had passed, the Old

cheers and a tiger were given for President

Arthur from the grand stand as he stepped

barcheaded into his carriage. The crowd in

Grand Marshal Horner and his staff, after the

parade, took lunch at the Hotel Brunswick.

The veterans of the Seventy-third New York

volunteers (Second Fire Zouaves) dined at

Hitchcock's in the Bowery after the parade.

Among them were Capt, Matthew McCullough,

Col. Michael W. Burns, and Captains Matthew

Stewart and William Gleason. A few men

who served in the Confederate army in Gen-

eral Pickett's division were guests of the Zou-

General John A. Reynolds, Department Com-

mender of the G. A. R., and his staff, were en-

tertained after the parade by James C. Rice

THE MEMORIAL MEETING AT THE ACADEMY.

at the Academy of Music, which was beautifully

which were printed the insignia of the Grand

decorated for the occasion. Baunerets, upon

resentation of the star and ribbon worn by the

the air was rent with continued cheers and

white with waving handkerchiefs.

the President, and again be lifted his hat.

he lifted his bat.

Canal street.

rolled away to the hotel

in the wagon in a bower of roses, and upon a

Memorial Day and the Way in Which It Was Observed.

A NATION'S GRATITUDE.

ments of the Grand Army.

The reports which we have so far received indicate that Memorial Day was more generally observed this year than ever before, and alcountry anything but propitious it does not Loring, Mrs. Nash, Mr. Justice Hunt, Mr. some to have chilled the arder of our comrades | Justice Harlan, and Senator Conger. or dampened their enthusiasm. We present below some of the loading features of the celebrathan the residents of any particular locality or the members of any particular Post, and our only regret is that THE TRIBUNE is not spacious enough to contain the record of what every one of the six thousand odd Posts of the Grand Army did to commemorate the services of our fallen heroes. From the far West we have not, as yet, owing to the obstacles which time and distance offer, received any reports, while of the many that have reached us from less remote points some did not arrive in season to be edited for publication. Nearly three pages of the present issue, however, are occupied with Memorial Day reports, and they are quite voluminous enough to give our readers an adequate idea of the spirit which everywhere characterized the observance of the anniver-

AT THE CAPITAL.

The Exercises At Arlingion, Soldiers' Home, and Congressional Comsteries.

Washington was fortunate in the enjoyment of charming weather on Memorial Day, and the observance of the auniversary was very general, pinces of business as well as the public offices being closed. Arlington Cemetery, the Congressional Cemetery, and the cometery at the soldier's Hame were the scene of the principal public exercises, preceded by a street parade of the Posts of the Department of the Potennec. There were in line nearly eight hundred veterans, and the order of procession was as follows:

Marine Band, Department G. A. R., flags, Union Veteran Corps drum corps, Union Veteran Corps, forty musicess, Captain Thomason, commanding; Lieutenants Urell and Edgar; staff officers-Lieutenants Corson, Short, Hoover, and Ebert.

Samuel S. Burdett, Department commander; red. Mack, senior vice commander; W. Howard, lunior vice commander; F. orence Donohue, medi cal director; Rev. Benjamin Swallow, chaplai Official staff-John Cameron, assistant adjutantpeneral; Amos J. Gunning, assistant quarter-master-general; Dr. S. A. McKim, inspector; Samnel C. Mills, judge advocate; Allen W. Prather, chief mustering officer. Aids-de-camp-L. B. Cutler, David J. Hussey, James L. Poston, William H. is. Assistant inspectors-William S. McPherson, John M. Keegh, Joseph Barroughs. Past Deparlment commanders-A. H. G. Richardson, Geo. E. Corson, Charles C. Royce, and Wm. Gibson. Detachment of Sons of Veterans.

Post No. 1, John A. Rawitns-Dennis O'Connor, commander; Hanson E. Weaver, adjutant; Chas. E. Joyce, quartermaster—75 men.
No. 2. Kit Curson—Gilbert M. Husted, comma der; Frederick H. Smith, adjutant; James W. Wisner, quartermaster-80 men.

No. 5, Lincoln-William A. Moore, commander; Thos. R. Turnbull, adjutant; Sam'l E. Thomason, quartermaster-300 men. No. 4, O. P. Morton-Geo. D. Graham, comm der; Charles B. Fisher, adjutant; Nero Crawford, Quariermaster—60 men. No. 5, Geo. G. Meade—M. A. Dillon, commander;

J. W. Contad, adjutant; Wm. H. Sterne, quarter-No. 6, John F. Reynolds-Eugene McSweeny, commander; Daniel D. Brennan, adjutant; Geo. E. Corson, quartermaster—24 mon.
No. 7. James A. Garfield—H. H. Brower, commander; Edward M. Clarke, adjutant; Samuel Moigle, quartermaster—35 men.

8. Burnside—D. S. Alexander, commander;

David P. McGowan, adjutant; Robert S. Lacey, quartermaster -60 men. No. 9, Sumner Post-W. H. Mills, commander; J. E. H. Smallwood, adjutant; Wm, G. Hail, quartermaster-25 men.

After marching over the prescribed route, the various details composing the line proceeded to their several posts of duty. The ceremonies at Arlington, fellowing the decoration of the graves and the marching in procession to the tomb of the "unknown dead," began at I o'clock in the ampitheatre. Among Postmaster-General Gresham, Quartermaster-General Ingalis, Register Bruce and wife, Surgeon-General Crane, Judge Advocate-General Swaim, Mrs. General Ord, Mr. Justice Hunt, Mr. Justice Harlan, Colonel Corkhill, General General Resecrans, Senator Congor, Commissioner West, General McCammon, General Me-Cook, Assistant Adjutant-General Cameron, Captain Deary, and Department Commander Burdett. Department Commander Burdett called the assemblage to order, and, after a brief prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, Comrade James N. Stewart delivered the Memorial Day poem, entitled "The Unknown Dead at Arlington, an octette then sang the following funeral bymn of the Grand Army, the words by Major | to memorial services. F. M. Ctarke, of lows, and the music by S. H.

BLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP! Sleep, soldier, sleep ! The battle is ended;

The life a shrill refrain, the cannon's loud roar Are builted now forever. Thy courage has con-The "recall" has sounded. Thy warfare is o'er.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! No more shall the bugle make thee to arma! Sleep peaccfully on; Thy have growing brighter, thy name growing

Secure in the glories thy valor has won.

Sleep, soldler, sleep! The flowers we scatter-To hallow thy sleep in the bivonac of death.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy slumbers are guarded By arms that are strong, by arms that are brave, a proud Nation's glory illumines thy laurels,

viewed at length the lessons and results of the W. Johnson, had charge of the decorations with its team of theorem, next gave a reci- wreaths and crosses. Rev. Justin K. Richardwar. [It will be found on our first page.]

AT THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY. delivered the opening prayer, after which a were about forty comrades in uniform, memorial poem entitled "Under the Laurels," Committees from Wilson Post went by Edward Renaud, was read by the Rev. J. H. the morning to Greenmount, Baltimore, Cedar Bradford. The oration was pronounced by Hill, and St. Peter's Cometeries and decorated Colonel W. W. Grangers In the course of his the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and friends buried about and faced the graves of the comrades and faced the graves of the graves of the comrades and faced the graves of the grav remarks be said :

It is wise to come together yearly, as the Grand Army has well ordained, in this flush time of flow- | with flowers the scattered graves of Union solers and dress these here graves anew with all that is most fragment and most beautiful in nature's glits. These honers paid to them shall honor us as well, for they who worship heroes truly, must The grave of the late Gen. Dixon S. Miles, needs have in their own souls a touch, if not of U. S. A., at St. James Church, Ealtimore rolum, at least of heroic possibilities, which occasion might have developed into deeds as grand as these we celebrate to-day. By participation in here solemn rites we fill our own souls with nobler aspirations. Over these graves on which we our offerings we reliable in our own hearts the patriotic impulses, which for night we know, Day, even in our own lifetime, be needed as sours. to action to mational emergencies as great as those in which they fell who fill these graves. Let me coming and not far on wars, either factional or sectional amongst ourselves, or waged as one people, samuel even guess whether we shall ever-and God send we never may be parties to another war by the chaplain, the playing or a unge by of any lond. But none of us are so important of hiswithin historic times has escaped without witnessing or sharing in wars of more or less magnitude, and that many an entire generation has never an a single year of peace. Our own country,

with little more than a century of national existchoe tickend it, has spent fully a fifth of that time in ferrige or detrestic wars. Who, then, can guess how soon or why the country may need again the services of her strong-Bimbed sons, with souls attuned to dare and do and die as they did amongst whose graves we stand to-day? Who can or will, in the light of these facts, deny the wisdom of coming-as for years past we have, as to-day we do, and as for ears to come, please heaven, we will-to lay on their noble deeds and deaths, but of our desire to adelphia, was present. condute their courage and their patriotism-if and when another such accessity shall arise? Surely none who hold that national disintegration would

bave been a disaster. Not those who think that

who believe it worth while to keep our own and our children's souls tuned up to that pitch of putriotic feeling which will make us and them capable of imitating those whose services this day has been set apart and these coremonies instituted to honor and commemorate.

AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The exercises at the Soldiers' Home began at 10 o'clock with the firing of a salute of thirtyeight guns by the battery of the Second artillery. Among those who occupied places on the speaker's stand were the following: General and Mrs. Sherman, Chief Justice Waite, Hon. Hugh McCullough, Mrs. General Robert Anderson, widow of the hero of Fort Reports From Various Depart- Sumter, with her daughters; Mrs. General Secrete H. Thomas, widow of General George H. Thomas: General Ayres, General and Miss Rosecrans, General McCook, Postmaster-General Gresham, Mrs. Ruggies, Mrs. General Miles; Miss Frelinghuyzen, Mrs. Miller, ex-Justice Strong, Surgeon-General Crane, General Sturgis, superintendent of the home; Quartermaster-General Ingalls, Judge Advothough the weather was in some sections of the | cate General Swaim, Mrs. O. E. C. Ord, Mrs.

Cantain E. M. Truell presided and the Rev. Dr. E. D. Huntley offered proyer, after which as the memorial poem, Cantain Truell read the tion, selected with a view to the interest which | following verses, written for Memorial Day at they will have for our readers generally rather | Cakaloosa, Iowa, by the author of the song Sherman's March to the Sea," Captain S. H.

OUR DEAD.

Hall to the dead—the Nation's dead— Whe sleep by wood, and field, and shore, To them we come with loyal tread

And kneel beside their graves once more. With notes of bugle-song and dram, And flying flows and sweet May flowers, And grateful hearts, again we come To deck these soldier graves of ours.

With hopes undinamed by flying years, And faith renewed by the great past, We see amilist our funeral tears The glory that was been to last. We gather, and with pride recall

How heroes' blood alone could save, How heroes' sens alone could fall. And lifting up the veil of years, e hear again the Nation's cry-Its dark distress, its enguished fears, Its wail for help—for men to die, We see the tramping thousands come.

The Nation's heart, it is not dumb, It enmot fall, it will not yield. No longer spears and buttle blades. To priming broks and staves are bent; From farms and bills and far-pit glades he dreadful news is quietly sent;

Their tents shine white on every field;

And braying horns are in the air. And quick the pulse of men who feel Their own heart's blood is flowing there. And there are parlings none may tell, And faces paled and lips all dumb,

And broken hearts in one farewell who go, but never come, Like to the torrent bounding down From some tall mountain to the sea, From shop and village, farm and town, Come the young Nation's chivalry.

And once again is heard the cry Of squadrous charging to their death, And bombs and shells go shricking by Borne on the red-hot cannon's breath; And fierce and far o'er southern fields, Like the dread sea to terror blown, Comes the fierce for that never yields, Or yields to death, and death alone.

On, on, we hear the bettle's din, 'On, on," we hear our leader's cry-There is no way but death's to win-'On, on," the bugles make reply, With Parrague among the shoulds, Wherever denger's signals be, With Hooker fighting in the clouds, With Sherman marching to the sea.

On, on, we hear them once again Shout back the ferce, old rebel yell, And though from ships and manparis rain The sulphurous smoke, the fire of hell. Still on, until the withering blast Is silenced like the trampled dead,

And fair as morning shines at last The stars and stripes above their head. They sleep to-day in silent lines, Heroic men, whom fame bath lent The glory that forever shines

To be their lasting monument. And men and years may pass, but they, Shrined in their country's bosom, live In fairer forms than flesh or day, The fitter forms that fame can give,

Sleep on, sleep on, heroic dead, It little rocks what we may say, For there, beyond your narrow bed, Shines the new light, your better day; And midst the music of the spheres That sound the soldier's reveille. Where march and countermarch the years, Ye wait the peace that is to be.

The oration was delivered by Justice Wm. Strong, whose remarks were chiefly engolistic of the order of the Grand Army of the Repub-

lic. In the course of his remarks he said: A common experience of hardships and dangers is a bond of sympathy and mutual regard which even death cannot sever. It draws men together as no other experience can. But you, gentlemen the distinguished persons on the grand stand of the Grand Army, are not alone in your reverwere General Sherman, Chief Justice Waite, ence and affection for your fallen comrades. Millions of your countrymen who never belonged to the army, men and women who had no share in your tolls and dangers, stand side by side with you in earnest desire to perpetuate the memory of the departed patriots. To them and to you belongs the honor of having saved for yourselves and all of us, Avres, Judge Oliphant, Mrs. Justice Miller, as well as for those who shall come after us, that constitutional union which is the guardian of our liberties, of our domestic tranquillity, and of our advancement in equilization.

AT BALTIMORE.

Devoting the Day to Decoration-The Memorial Services at Night. In Baltimore Memorial Day was devoted to decking the graves with flowers and the night

The first services of the day took place about 10 a. m. at Fort MeHenry. Ellsworth Camp, Sons of Veterans, numbering about fifty, accompanied by their dram corps, marched from the procession was formed at Fifth avenue Brueninghausen the band played "Hail to the Post-office avenue to the fort, where they were and Fiftieth street. At 10 o'clock, amid the blare | Chief." Following the President were Mayor | dere Leutz, Commander, was received, and the met by butteries I. L. and M. Second artillery, in the fort cemetery. When the graves had as an escort. Following them came the fifteen present were John I. Davenport, William H. been decorated, Colonel T. P. Lang read a divisions of the Grand Army and veterans and Bellamy, Captain Charles N. Brackett, Major poem, and was followed in an address by Gen.

Their perfuses shall mingle with grateful tears sisted with skillful hands the decoration of the party of the approach of the military. The of the Old Guard; Sheridan Shook, J. W. Col-And Freedom's fair temple is built o'erthy grave. | dier. Here and there a headstone, with a sim- third street entrance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. | address, calling attention to the importance of Joseph Hooker Post, No. 23, of East Boston, The cration was delivered by Major Wm. H. ple number, and nothing more, tells of the un-Lambert, of Post No. 2, Philadelphia, who re-known dead. Wilson Post, Commander Geo. Two veterans from each of the Grand Army heroes of the rebellion. Miss Georgia Cayvan, graves of 88 departed comrades with flags, there, and turned out about 150 strong.

At the Congressional Cometery Comrade at 3 o'clock in the afternoon by delegations | Edson. When the carriages of the party were | troduced. Nearly twenty years had passed, he | there decorated 36 graves. Francis Washburn singe J. P. Wood, of Post 7, presided over the from Lincoln Post, No. 7; Guy Post, No. 16, filled the Old Guard escorted them to the head said, since the last battles in the great civil Post, No. 92, of the Brighton district, decorated correspondences, and the Rev. Wilber I. McKenney and Elisworth Post, No. 19, G. A. R. There of the column. Then the Old Guard band, uni-Committees from Wilson Post went out in | the huzzahs of the multitude, the procession | come simple citizens of the Republic which | mander B. F. Sanborn, and the Post Chaplain

> Members of Burnside Post, No. 22, decorated Mt. Carmel Cemeteries, in the eastern suburbs. The grave of the late Gen. Dixon S. Miles,

with flowers by his friends. Denison Post, No. 8, of Hampden, Baltimore county, decorated the graves of their Union comrades reposing in St. Mary's Cemetery. One of the most solemn scenes ever witnessed upon the boards at Ford's Opera House was presented at night during the Memorial services conducted under the auspices of Wilson, Denison, Harry Howard and G. K. Warren Pests. It consisted of a funeral service, which included chants, surpliced choristers, prayers tory as not to know that no generation of men | casket into an improvised grave, sud the final firing of a salute by United States artillerymen. Adjutant Chas, H. Richardson read the military record of fourteen comrades who had died | S. Sullivan, Congressman Perry Belmont, and | ever her aucient fee. The speaker rapidly since last Memorial Day. To the rear of the stage | Judge S. A. Blatchford. were fourteen vacant chairs draped in mourning. The orator of the occasion was General Green B. Raum, ex-Commissioner of Internal

> At Dushane Post Hall, Lexington and St. Paul streets, a funeral service was held in | opied alcove and saluted the President. memory of seven deceased comrades. The Rev. J. McKendree Reiley delivered the ad-

OTHER OBSERVANCES IN MARYLAND.

Camp Frederick acted as an escort to the mem- | eral Ward and staff, and then the Twenty-secbers of the Post. The exercises consisted of sing- ond regiment in compact columns, with Pat ing by a selected choir, prayer by the Rev. J. P. Gilmore at the head of the band. The Elev-McCurdy, introductory address by Col. Vernon, trewing of graves with flowers. An interest- Brigadier-General Fitzgerald and his staff, each ing feature was the visit of one of the bands mounted on a sorrel thoroughbred, rode by. to the grave of Francis Scott Key, where "The Another bugler blew, and the Seventh regi-Star-Spangled Banner" was impressively performed. In speaking of ex-Confederates Mr. Thomas said he did not blame them for weepg over their dead. But the cause for which | shaking his green cockade, and waving a glitthey died, died with them. It is buried beyond | tering sword in salute to the President, rode any resurrection. Let not the "dead cause," | next in command of the Sixty-ninth regiment, then, be glorified, but rather let every soldier | which every now and then was rapturously of the South glorify the cause which, under | applauded. The Eighth regiment, as it next the Providence of God, has become the living ope of the present and the future, and let | to judge of the new State uniform, which Colothem unite with us in teaching their children | nel Scott and his officers and men wore for the and ours to love and honor the flag of our first time. Two glistening batteries with the fathers, and that this Nation is worth preserv- | Seventy-first regiment and veteran associations ng as a Nation with all its new-born rights and | closed the ranks of the escert.

At Lonaconing the services were under the staff, all the Past Grand Marshals, Department at charge of McPherson Post of that place | Commander Colonel John A. Reynolds, and nuand Tyler Post of Cumberland. The exercises | merous guests of the Grand Army headed the at Henshaw Grove included an address by Hon. | first division of the Grand Army column. Ma-H. W. Hoffman. Theburn Post, Frostburg, rines and artillerymen followed, and then came was to have participated in the Lonaconing | the Thirteenth regiment of Brooklyn, a faccelebration, but, owing to a misunderstanding, held a celebration of its own at Frostburg. The | the Seventh regiment. Colonel Austin comgraves of the soldiers in Cumberland were | manded, and in the center of the staff officers, decerated by a detachment from Tyler Post. About 5,000 people attended the Memorial rode Chaplain Henry Ward Beecher. His exercises at Antietam National Cemetery. Reno | white looks floated in the breeze beneath his Post, No. 4, and Zion Post, No. 39 (colored), of black cockade and a sword glittered at his Hagerstown, were among the organizations | side present. General A. B. Sharpe and Mr. Newton Cook were the orators.

At Annapolis the day was observed with impressive ceremonics. The oration was delivered by S. Thomas McCullough, an ex-Confed- their superb marching. A boy in Continental Admiral John Rodgers Post, No. 28, decorated the graves in and around Havre-de-Grace. The oration was delivered by Wm. M. Marine. handkerchiefs as the lad saluted. President

Memorial Day at Cambridge was observed by Arthur looked immensely pleased as he took Wallace and John Brown Posls, by a parade off his hat in acknowledgment of the salute. and strewing the graves of fallen comrades | He watched the little fellow until he was lost with flowers. Addresses were made by Rev. | to view. Dr. Matlack, of that place, and R. D. Bradley, of Baltimore. At Westminster the Memerial Day ceremo-

nies were conducted by Burns Poet. Harry M. Clabaugh, of Taneytown, delivered the address. | borne past, the President uncovered his head

AT PHILADELPHIA.

A Uneventful but General Observance-Decorating | town. The green flag of the Sixty-ninth vol-General Meado's Grave.

The observance of Memorial Day in Philadelphia was universal, but there was no event of unusual interest. The various Posts decorated the graves in the cemeteries to which they were assigned, but there was no general street

parade.

One of the leading events of the day was the celebration by George G. Meade Post, No. 1, to which was assigned the duty of decorating the graves of soldiers and sailors in North, Middle, and South Laurel Hill Cemeteries. Assembling | ' Washington statue, and were there joined by Major King and Postmaster Huidekoper, who rode in one of several carriages containing invited guests. The Post then marched to Ninth and Green streets and were conveyed to the Green street entrance of the Park. Gathering around the Lincoln Monument they hung upon each side of the column military designs in immortelles. Twenty chorister boys from St. Mark's and the Church of the Annunciation rendered a hymn and Gen. W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, made an address. Then they marched on board of one of the Schuylkill steamers and were conveyed to Laurel Hill. Reforming, the Post marched to the chapel, the choristers singing an appropriate processional hymn. In the chapet an oration was delivered by Rev. Joseph F. Lovering, who is the paster of a Congregational church in Worcester, Massachusetts, Addresses were made by A. J. Sellers and J. C. Wray, officers of the Post; dirges were sung; a prayer was made by the Rev. I. Newton Ritner, and the men were detailed to their respective districts to decorate the graves, including that of General Meade, at whose monument another hymn was sung by the choristers. This Post had 176 men in line and carried a dozen furled and tattered battle-flags. Cavalry Post, No. 35, went to West Laurel Hill Cemetery, attended by a firing party of eight men detailed from the First City Troop. Colonel Theodore W. Bean was the orator. After the decoration duties were over a salute was fired over the grave of Colonel Clothier, formerly the chaplain of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. Then

and returned to the city. The graves of General D. B. Birney, Lieut. John T. Greble, Captain Courtland Saunders, Admiral Charles Stewart, and General Hector Tyndale were among those specially honored. Post No. 5 was joined at Mt. Moriah Cemetery by the Ladies' Aid Society, and it received upwards of three thousand plants as contributions for the public schools, allowing two plants for each grave.

'taps" were sounded and the Post mounted

IN NEW YORK.

President Arthur Reviews the Grand Army-The Work of Decoration. The great feature of Memorial Day in New | banner containing a proportionately large rep-York was the parade of the Grand Army, veteras organization and National Guards, which was reviewed at Madison Square by | Members of the Grand Army and distinguished President Arthur. Fully five thousand men guests occupied scats on the stage, and a large were in line, and at least 75,000 people lined the | andience filled the body of the house. The route of march. Major Jas. B. Horner was the President reached the Academy at 8:35 o'clock. of trumpets and the roll of drums, with ban- Edson, Rear Admiral George H. Cooper, and entire body marched to the Boston and Proviunder command of Gen. H. C. Gibson. The | ners flying and bayonets glittering, the proces- | Lieutenant Hunt, United States Navy; Gen-Regulars were in full uniform, and carried sion started. The First and Second brigade of eral Lloyd Aspinwall, the Rev. Henry Ward | Hope cemetery. At the cemetery both commuskets. There are about 140 soldiers buried | the National Guard led the Grand Army Posts | Beecher, and Henry Bergh. Among others | mands decorated the graves of 415 soldiers and visiting Posts. At 10:30 the head of the column | H. A. Barnum, Colonel Carl Jussen, Lieuten-At the National Cemetery, Loudon Park, Inspector Carl Jussen dashed down past the onel W. De Lancey Boughton, of General Shathere were a large number of ladies, who as crowds on the square, to notify the Presidential ler's staff; Major George W. McLean and staff, graves. Over 2,000 soldiers are buried there, crowd swayed toward Twenty-third street, lier, ex-Sheriff Reilly, ex-Collector Thomas apresenting nearly all the States which lent | where the Old Gnard, in blue and white and | Murphy, and Colonel William A. Joyce. their aid to the Federal cause. Every grave is gold, with burnished muskets and huge fur After Mr. Beecher had offered prayer, Major marked with a headstone, numbered, most of hats, stood under command of Major McLean, Brueninghausen introduced Mayor Edson as them containing the name and State of the sol- as a Presidential escort, in front of the Twenty- the chairman of the evening. He made a brief companied the Post. At Woodlawn cemetery cheering and the waving of hats and handker- tation. Karl Formes sang the war song from | son, Department Chaplain of Vermont, de-The 240 graves of colored soldiers in Laurel | chiefs greeted the President as he walked out | "Les Huguenots," after which General George | livered the oration, after which the Post Cemetery, on the Belair road, were decorated with uplifted hat, leaning on the arm of Mayor | A. Sheridan, the crator of the evening, was in- | marched to the Fourth Section cemetery and instantly recognized, and he lifted his hat they would ever have of being remembered by pelle. The Bunker Hill district fell to the lot diers in St. Patrick's, the old Methodist and and bowed repeatedly in recognition of the their country. The war had been simply a of Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 11, and Major hands. Men waved their hats and cheered. county, in "My Lady's Manor," was decorated

General Hancock, in a dark uniform, with love of adventure and the hope of restoring diers' monument in Charlestown. cocked hat with golden fringe, drew forth almost against the protest of the sovereign of R. in the afternoon marched in procession, esanother hearty recognition as he walked with | England. The South was colonized with | corting Mayor Palmer, the erator of the day, his staff officers to the canopied alcove in which | Mingly sanction. It gave allegiance to King | and others to Fancuil Hall. After preliminary was the President and the Mayor and Attorney- and Church. The North was Republican in exercises, his Honor was introduced by Com-Grand Army. Among them were Major-Gen- the New World the Puritan fronted the eral Daniel Sickles, General Alexander S. Webb, | charebman. The North holding slavery in General J. A. Daryea, General William D. aversion, the question of human bondage di-Whipple, General Anson G. McCook, General | vided the Nation. War came and the civiliza-Horsee Porter, General Schuyler Hamilton, tion of the South went down. The pillars upon Colonel H. Siebry, Commander Thos. S. Kane, which it stood were wrenched from under it, Clewes, A. J. Dittenhoefer, Judge Charles P. Daly, Judge George M. Van Hoesen, Algernon

The Old Guard countermarched as the Presidential party took their places, and formed in double ranks at the curb opposite the grand | well to forget that the Nation passed through stand, while the Veteran Guard of Honor simultaneously spread out on either side of the can-

For two hours and a half thereafter the brilliant picture of the parade passed by. It was a clusion the speaker sketched the principal offithese graves the offerings which tell not only of dress. A delegation from Post No. 21, of Phil- gorgeous panorama of life and color set in a cers of the Union army who lost their lives human framework. Major-General Shaler, during the war. Miss Emma Abbott sang astride a coal-black steed, rode at the head of | "Auld Lang Syne" and "Columbia" and the the parading column as commander of the Na- | "Last Rose of Summer." Charles Roberts, Jr., Memorial ceremonies at Mount Olivet Ceme- | tional Guard escort. His brilliantly uniformed | recited the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and bave been a disaster. Not those who think that strong of the Charge of the Light Brigade," and holds in supremest gratitude the common sacrifices staff rode behind, each member mounted like the entertainment concluded with the singing of the "plain people." We are not without mili-

nolds Post, G. A. R., attracted over 5,000 people. his leader, on a black charger. Then came a by Miss Abbott and Karl Formes. THE KOLTES POST MEMORIAL.

A memorial of the dead members of Koltes Post, No. 32, G. A. R., was unveiled in the an oration by Hon. John L. Thomas, and the in order, and then a solitary bugler blew as Lutheran Cemetery. About 10,000 persons witnessed the ceremonies, of whom 2,800 were veterans of the war belonging to Koltes Post of this city, Koltes Post, No. 228, of Philadelphia; Stewart Hart Post, of Mount Kisco; Kennedy Post, No. 42; Riker Post, John M. Rawlins Post, Joe Hooker Post, Steinwehr Post, the Veteran Singing Society, Veterans of the Fifth regiment of volunteers, the Twentieth Regiment Veteran Society, the Fortyfifth Regiment Society, the Turner Cadets, and Koltes Post, No. 17, Sons of Veterans. The ceremonies were under the direction of Post Commander Charles Samsey. The first oration of the day was delivered by Chaplain Philip Betz, of Koltes Post. It was in German, and its burden was the poetic and beautiful character of Memorial Day. After some vocal music by the Veteran Singing Society, Gen. Carl Schurz delivered an oration in English. He spoke of the civil war as having ended in the defeat of neither side, for the reason that the evils it destroyed affected both equally, and their destruction benefited both. The monument was then unveiled. It is a handsome granite shaft with four sides, and beveled corners. A flag cut out of the stone drapes its top. The Stars and Stripes are brought out by polishing the stone. The summit of the shaft is flat, and on it is a bronze eagle standing with outstretched wings upon several dismounted

BROOKLYN.

Tennessee and the sailor lads of the Saratoga went by to the tune of the "Red, White and The Parade - Unveiling the Sarcophagus Over Blue," and all along the line applause greeted General Pinckney's Grave.

Memorial Day was more generally observed than ever before. Texs of thousands of people visited the various cemeteries and decorated the graves of the dead. At 9:30 o'clock the organizations which were to participate in the frand Army parade began to assemble at Bedford and Division avenues, and at 11 o'clock teenth regiment came the war veterans of the garden are theirs, command, with General E. B. Fowler at the head, and, with the Hancock Legion following, Posts 10, 3, 16, 84, 197, 206, 201 and 327 were in the first division. In the second division were Posts 148, 35, 89, 11, 21, 207, 256, and the Fertyeighth regiment war veterans. The third division contained Posts 149, 152, 161, the veterans of the war of 1812, disabled veterans in carriages, Generals Slocum, Catlin, and Griswold, the Society of Old Brooklynites, the Aldermanic and Supervisors committee, and civic societies. At Lafayette and Clinton avenues the parade was reviewed by Mayor Low, and as the Fourteenth regiment passed it was greeted with cheers by the thousands of speciators who lined the sidewalks. The first division diverged from the line of march at Hanson Place and proceeded to Greenwood cemetery, where the work of decorating the graves began early in the morning. When the The Tibbetts Veteran Corps, headed by the H. Walker, chairman of the Memorial comat Elevench and Chestnut streets, the members marched east to Independence Hall, were they the echo. Their huge white fur hats, tipped the invocation. The Rev. J. O. Peck to make the invocation. the oration of the day. At its conclusion the military fired a volley over the graves, and the Rev. Dr. Peck pronounced the benediction.

The most notable feature of the day in Greenwood was the unveiling of the sarcophagus erected over the grave of General Joseph C. Pinckney, About 2:30 o'clock Cameron Post, No. 79, accompanied by the Tibbetts Corps from Troy, and Post No 69, General Shields, reached the cemetery. At General Pinckney's grave Commander John R. Nugent made the introductory address, after which Major Willard Bullard made the oration. The unveiling was by ex-Commanders Davis, Phillips, Dingwall, and Osborne. Post No. 137 decorated the grave of the late Lieutenant Hunter, son of ex-Mayor Hunter, of Brooklyn. Mr. Hunter attempted to speak, but was overpowered by his feelings

and had to retire. Union Square, and thence through Broadway, The second division of the Grand Army noon. Mayor Low presided, and the address | War, delivered the following oration: of the day was made by the Hon. Seymour Guard formed again as an escort, and the Presi-Dexter, of Elmira. At Evergreen cometery dential party descended to the carriages. Three the graves were decorated by L. M. Hamilton Post, of East New York. At Holy Cross cometery and the cemetery of the Dutch Reformed church at Fiatbush the graves were decorated the square took up the cheers with a vim, and by Post Kerswall, No. 149. In the cemetery of clapped their hands as the President's carriage the Holy Cross the Post was received by the

Rev. Father B. McHugh, who made an appropriate address. A detail of Abraham Lincoln Post decorated the grave of Mrs. Edward Vanderpoel at Greenwood. Mrs. Vanderpoel founded the Lexington avenue hospital for wounded soldiers during the war.

AT BOSTON.

The Work of Decoration-Mayor Palmer's Eloquent Address.

Of the Memorial Day work in Boston each Post had its share to perform. To Edward W. Kinsley Post, No. 113, the duty of decorating the soldiers' monument on the common was assigned. Eight detachments from the Post in In the evening a memorial service was held the morning also decorated all graves and tablets of deceased soldiers in the city-proper and the graves of all deceased members of the Post Army of the Republic, were suspended between in the various cometeries. At the monument Commander Richards, Chaplain Sawyer, and butterflies of the national colors, and a large Comrades Millar and Walker made short addresses. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Order hung from the flies above the stage. at the monument the entire body marched direct to the Second church, where the usual memorial services, including an oration by Comrade Rev. E. A. Horton, were held. Charles Russell Lowell Post, No. 7, A. E. Perkins, Commander, escorted by the Sons of Veterans, marched to Turn Hall, where Post 21, Theodence railroad station and embarked for Mount sailors. Mount Auburn cemetery was visited by John A. Andrew Post, No. 15, 149 strong, Commander Dennis Linuchan. The graves of balted just above the Hotel Brunswick, and | ant-Colonel H. B. Masters, and Lieutenant-Col- | 345 brave men were decorated with silk flags, flowers being for the first time dispensed with. Thomas G. Stevenson Post, No. 26, placed 285 wreaths and 285 crosses on the graves of comrades in Forest Hills cemetery. Afterwards memorial services were held and an address delivered by Rev. Albert H. Plumb. About 100 sons of deceased and living members acformed in crimson, played a march, and, amid | the armies of the Nation had long since be- | green cemetery. Remarks were made by Comagain got under way. A cordon of mounted | their valor had saved, they were not forgetful | was assisted by Rev. William Brunton. Early police circled into the square, the band wheeled of the years in which they struggled, or of in the morning Robert A. Bell Post, No. 134, tages of the Presidential party drew up in line | possible that those who passed safely through | Rainsford Island, where the graves were decbeside it. The tall form of the President was the firy ordeal missed the only opportunity orated and an address delivered by J. C. Chapgreeting of the throng. Ladies on every side fight on a new field, and under more enlight. George L. Stearns Post, No. 149, Commander waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their | ened auspices a conte t that had been waged for | William H. Seymour, decorated 60 graves in centuries. The South lead been settled from | the Holy Cross cemetery, Malden, and the solgold epaulets and a long white sash and black | fallen fortunes, while the North was settled | The Suffolk County Association of the G. A.

General Browster. A larger reviewing stand | that for liberty of conscience it would smite | mander Joslin, and delivered an eloquent adopposite contained many of the guests of the the King himself. Here in the wilderness of dress. In the course of his oration he said: The praises of patriotism have been said and sung by the sages and the bards of every clime and time. There is not a land where the memorial shaft of brass or marble does not tower skyward to remind the successive generations, as they pass, of the he- us, and tell to the new generations the story of roes who fought and died for their country in some foreign field. France looks up to her column of United States Navy; Judge Beach, Henry and it toppled to destruction. When the clouds | July, surmounted by the figure of Napoleon, Germany to the colessal statue of Frederick the Great, were lifted from the field of the struggle the world saw freedom with radiant face standing face of her iron duke and to the bronze counterfeits of Nelson. In every case it is a man who stands at sketched the increased progress of the Enited the top of the column, a colossus of conquest raised States since the rebellion. A debt of gratitude | to the clouds from pedestals at whose base lie myriads of common soldiers, who fell "unwept, was due to the dead soldiers. It would not be onored and unsung," It has been appropria civil war. To do this would imply forgetfulness of the men who fell on the battlefield. Nearly every household in the land had its freer, juster and more equal civilization of which hero, who could never be forgotten. In conscribed simply but strongly: "In memory of the soldiers and sallors of this town, who fell in the wisnesses, though dead, of the faith which nerved the American volunteer.

In cemeteries guarded by a Nation's care, among the woods of Shiloh, between the hills of Vicks-

tary glory, but it is not the glory of one man, rising far above his fellows and towering like a demi-god among men; it is the glory of the masses of mankind. When France thinks of Marengo and Austerlitz, it is Napoleon, Ney and Soult whom she deifies. When Britain boasts of Trafalgar, it is only the form of Nelson that she sees through the smoke of the Victory's guas; if she reverts to Blenheim, t is Marlborough, or if to Waterloo, then it is Welegton. The common soldier is forgotten; it is only the one heroic man who is remembered. The American Republic has her individual heroes, the uster of whose achievements will not pale by comparison with any of the great captains of other lands and times. She has ber Grant and her Sher-man, her McClellan and her Meade, her Thomas and her Sheridan, her Hooker and Hancock, her Farragut and her Winslow, and a score of other eathless names of men whose courage and skill as ommanders are part of her imperishable renown. These have their fitting homage and their just re-ward. But let us thank God this day that their leeds, brave and brilliant as they were, dazzled but never dazed the republican sentiment of the people. When they came to erect statues and monments, and to decree a day of remembrance for he perpetual consecration of that great conflict hey inscribed and devoted them all to the memories of the common soldier and sailor-the men who went out from the farm, the factory, the workshop and the counter, and made the glory of Grant and the fame of Farragut alike possible.

They saved the past and they secured the future. They reaffirmed the judgment of Yorktown, and destroyed the last hope of kings on this continent. They redeemed the Republic, and washed from her robe the stain of slavery. They made the final award between Webster and Calhoun, and affirmed that this is, and forever must remain, "an indissoable union of indestructible States." They secured this continent to repulsican government, and re-wrote Canning's epigram: "I called a new world nto existence to redress the balance of the old," They preserved the integrity of a nation of 30,660,-000 of people—already a nation of nearly double that number pays them the annual homage of its gratitude—and, when we have grown, as statists tells us we shall grow, to a nation of 150,000,000 of people, their ressing places shall still be the Meccasof patriotic pilgrims, and the pledges of our perpetuation under one flag and under one Govern-ment, the dominant and dominating democracy of the earth. The flowers of a hundred springs were all too few to cost upon their graves. They died that he Nation might live, and these poor offerings which we bring once a year to scatter on their dust—what are they? Mere tokens and symbols of a boundless reverence, meager dividends on a debt of gratitude that may never be paid in full! Yes, 'tis all that we can give. On those clear eights, where now their happy spirits walk, what the procession moved, with General B. F. Tracy, grand marshal, at its head. After the Four-flowers? The deathless blossoms of God's eternal

" Where everlasting spring abides,

And never-withering flowers." It is for us, not for them, that we strew the first fruits of our gardens above their clay. They need hem not. They have entered into their rest, and othing we may do or leave unsione can touch them more. But for us there is inspiration and impulse in this day. In the presence of their bright memories, and spurred by their exalted examples, we may perhaps, be lifted for one day in the year's all round of days on to a mount of transfiguration, where, communing with their spirits, we may dis-een, though but for a moment, the sublime grandeur of the Republic for which they died-the vastess of its destiny, the height of the hopes that manity centers upon its success, and the depth of the despair that would yawn like a precipice

"J, with ancovered head, Salute the sacred dead Who went and who return not. Say not so! 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay, But the high futh that failed not by the way; Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave; No bar of endless night exiles the brave;

And to the saner mind We rather seem the dead that staved behind, Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow! For never shall their surcoled presence lack, see them muster in a gleaming row, With ever-youthful brows that nobler show; We find in our dull road their shining track; In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow, Part of our life's unalterable good, Of all our saintlier aspiration; They come transfigured back, Secure from change in their high-hearted ways, Beautiful evermore, and with the rays Of morn on their white shields of expectation!"

AT KEOKUK.

General W. W. Belknap's Oration at the National

Cemetery. Fully 5,000 people, despite the rain which fell all the forenoon, attended the Memorial Day services at the National cemetery at The second division of the Grand Army | Keekuk, Iowa. General J. C. Parrest presided | wisdom, thought that they could see something reached Cypress Hills cemetery shortly after | and General W. W. Belknap, ex-Secretary of | in the future of the land's great growth, and then Keekuk, Iowa. General J. C. Parrett presided FELLOW-CITIZENS OF KEOKUK, COMEADES OF THE

UNION ARMY: There is a sad pleasure in doing reverence to the memory of the dead. When those who have been with us in the labors of business, or in the quiet of

the fireside are called away, we find some solace for sorrow in cherishing their memory. But the fiag that floats above these graves tells us that at this shrine a Nation mourns, for it waves above all that is mortal of those who when life was full of hope and highest promise, gave it to their confery, and went to an eternal camp. Twentytwo years have passed since the first soldier was laid to rest here; years, for some, of fearful war, of

beneath a drooping flag.

The memories which among soldiers touch our hearts most tenderly, are those which revive days of hardship, when the true-hearted men rivaled each other in manly endurance and in heroic acts. None are more lasting than these which tell us of leeds done and friendships formed where hearts were wrung with trial. None are guarded with more zealous care than those which call to remembrance the honored lives of men who fell on fields to which their country sent them.

Though the varying changes of life bring to us different fortune and wide separation, yet on this consecrated day the comrades of these dead gather to recall the deeds which have done honor to their llen friends, and to place the garlands of their ove upon the graves of those by whose side they

ought for the Union. The years come and go so rapidly that we can hardly realize that so much time has passed since the first regiments of lows volunteers halted in our own city as they made their preparation for service in the field. From farm and shop and office, with hearts beating high with hope, they fell into ranks at their country's call. The pleasures of tome and the attractions of friendship which and them, were forsaken, and the consciousness of duty to be done led them to the front. Those who among the comforts and luxuries of life read the reports of army movements, think that they can thus gather the true story of campaigns. But the world will never know how much these men ndured. Maps portray the lines of works, and on paper are marked the movements of troops in action. But no map can tell of the high resolve and carnest bravery, no paper can relate the perils of sursting shell or imitate the shrill scream of the demon of death as it lurks in the sound of the minie ball. No page, however penned, tells all that could be told of the details marched daily to the picket line, when the men knew that some one of their number was marked for death that day; of the toilsome marches, day after day, and night after night; of the strain upon the men as the increasing shots from the front told of the com-ing battle, and of movements, now over roads king in quicksands, now through swamps where briars and thorns and water of deceitful depths impede the path. No language can relate the long night marches, the hasty rest of tired

THE MEN IN THE RANKS.

renewal of the almost endless round.

men. But none of these accessories were with the men in the ranks. Drilled in line, disciplined by of Galesburg, delivered the oration. In the seif-control, side by side these men of royal courage stood up in front of firing batteries and before e erashing musketry which came from the sheets of flame in their front; they climbed over fallen be a time of joy and accimuation, patriotic citizens timber and sharpened branches and intermingled will continue to observe Memorial Day as the most mbs as they made their charges in the face of grape and canister, a very pandemonium of horors, with the air darkened by the shadow of leath. Together in closed ranks they moved into | affection, their eyes open upon the beauty of the action; together the dead lie in long lines in the world. We follow them, unfolding from the help-ground, but as he fell the soul of each one went lessness of infancy, the delight of childhood, the ground, but as he fell the soul of each one went alone into the presence of the God who gave it.

"Thou must go forth alone, my soul, Thou must go forth alone; To other scenes and other worlds,

That mortal hath not known." Military deeds have always received honor from the people, and the private sofdiers of the Union and happy. But they are not here. They sleep army have won by their work every wreath of renown and every crown of laurel and every cent known graves. Their broken bothes crumbling to of money which has been given them, Living, they should have our unfergotten regard. Dead, we should recall the burden they bore for

their livea. Grant, their leader of leaders, summed up the truth in the last order that he wrote to them: Your battles, sieges and marches have dimmed Russia to her images of Peter, Britain to the stern | the luster of the world's past military achieve- the glory and happiness of their country. Every ments, and will be the patriot's precedent, in defeuse of liberty and right, for all time to come. The State of Iowa had a marked record. Nearly eighty thousand of her best and bravest went to the field. No section of the State can claim the sole honor of their valor, for from the Minnesola ately reserved for the great Republic to initiate a line to the southern boundary, and from the Misnew order of martial commemoration, and nothing sissippi to the limit of the western slope, the fields in her broad domain affords a truer earnest of the and towns and prairies sent forward their soas. The lips of affection and the hands of friendship she was the cradle, and is still the chief custodian, gave them a parting benediction as they left, and than the simpler monuments which dot her commons and public squares, surmounted with the figures of the common soldier and sailor, and inwisnesses, though dead, of the faith which nerved

burg, along the line from Corinth to Atlanta, and Atlanta to the sea, and in the valleys of Virginia

the files lie in close order in this great army of three hundred thousand of the Nation's dead.

There are many here who remember the words of Torrence in 1861, when the flag was presented to his command: "Before this flag shall be disgraced, my wife will be a widow and my children orphine. That was the same thought which, prompting the movements and quickening the energies of the Union troops, led them to triumph. He sleeps but a few steps from us, with Curtis, and Reid, and Worthington, and Rankin, and Archer, and Newton, and others of the heroic dead, but their words and deeds will never die.

THE LIVING. Of the living, the youth of 1851 are the men of 1883, and these who were of mature age then, are in the declining years of life. It seems but as yesterday when drums beat and bugles called; when march, or charge, or camp, or fight were the daily companionship of the soldier; but as yesterday when wreaths crowned our leaders and we murel ed in final review, when for the last time the ranks were broken, and men who had been messmates said the last farewell, and in our thoughts we live again in minutes the lives of years. But the world with its moving multitude and its conflicting cares goes on, and by the flight of time the yesthful soldier is the veteran of to-day. The roll has not so many names upon it now. The lives of the living grow shorter with the touch of time, and soon there will be but few to tell the story of the war. But their brave deeds will give them honor in the world until the end. And as hereafter with ing step and eyes made lusterless by age, those who are left meet to revive the memories of martial scenes, little children will gather around them as they talk to each other of the great rebailion. When the men of coming years collect around the few survivors of the war, and, pointing to their weakened limbs and marks of age tell what they have heard and read of those days; of personal valor, of loyal pairiotism and of the country's peril, the hearts of the old heroes, faint though their eatings be, will throb more quickly, and their eyes will kindle again with martial pride when they feel that they are cheered and loved and honored for what they did in the war that saved the Union. There is a prompting of the heart which leads us to hope that when our summons comes we can lie down forever by the side of those we loved in life To no rank, or grade, or stotion is lais conflued Over the entrance to the tomb of Napoleon beneath . the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, are the words of the great soldier, spoken at St. Helena; "Bury me on the banks of the Seine among the people I have loved so well." For years the old soldiers of the Empire have marched o military mass in the chopel near, to the sound of organ and rolling drums, while on a mosnie wreath of laurel, with the names of his battles recorded on the pavement, he lies, in solemn silence, and, as he wished, at home. The attractions of home were strong with the oblier of the Union, and yet he knew that should

he fall in the field his comrades could only give him and his blanket on uncerlined grave.

There are about eighty National Cemeteries. In them three hundred thousand men lie buried. The estinterment in the Keokniz National Comstery was f a soldler of the Third Iown cavalry on September 23, 1861. I may be pardoned for saying that hame-diately after the close of the war I took some personal interest in having this ground declared a National Cemetery. It had been proposed to transfer the remains of these gallant men to another locality, possibly outside the State. Against this I carnestly remonstrated, but had great fear of the result, when it happened that fortune gave me the opportunity to order that it be made a National emetery. Mr. Clayton Hart, a brave soldier of the Seventh Iowa, was appointed superintendent; additional land was purchased; the improvements which are around us followed in rapid succession, upon its failure. It is in this spirit, fellow-citizens, until, my committee, an uninviting spot has been made a beautiful resting place for our beloved dead. Here hie buried six hundred and four known and thirty-three unknown Union soldiers. There are, too, the remains of eight Confederates. They were the champions of a mistaken cause, bravely battled for and lost. Those of us who were in action know how well they fought, but their banner is laid away, and over all the States of a reited and unbroken Union now floats, we trust

prever, the flag of the free. Attached, therefore, as I am to the spot on which we stand it is no affectation that I should be grateful for your invitation to be with you on this sacred day. Though required by the demands of business to be absent from Kzokuk at times, still my home is here. Beyond that little valley he tissee bound to me by ties of kimired and affection. Thoughts and memories attract me to this, the place where my manhood's life began, and where I hope all that is left of me may rest when I am dead.

THE PECTS OF THE WAR. The advance of the Nation since the war is a marvel to ourselves and a wonder to the world. Shrewd men, whose saguelous judgments com-manded the attention of the people, had predicted prosperity, but there were not many who grasped, their minds, the result as it has been proven by reality. A national debt of magnitude so large as to appai the best financial minds had gradually grown until an approach to its payment seemed beyond the bounds of prophecy. A line of iron road across the continent was driven through by the sheer force and will of men who, with real another and another line was formed to rise in prosperity and fall in disaster and revive again, intil now the hemisphere is ribbed with roads, Science, with its persistent reaching toward discovery, has opened to us new avenues, sending miles away not only written messages, but spoken words, and when the light of the sun goes out as the day declines, the darkness disappears as quickly when it comes within the blaze of an electrie light, which, though in the very infancy of its development, turns night to day. New lands, teeming with metalic treasure, surprise us by their great production; new fields, in regions unknown twenty years ago, where all then seemed a desert, now bloom in all the fullness of their fertile wealth; and, with the years, that great dead weight of debt a happy return, and of prosperity and peace; for some, of ill success and broken hopes; and for some no return save to the sound of muffled drums beneath a some might have went its victories; inventions might have moved the world, and the nture might have been as prosperous; but the hands on the dial would have gone back in our own land, and the present would have been the far-off future, had the men in whose honor you come here to-day failed in doing what they did. The bonds which tied humanity and made it work without reward, they broke. The last gun which they fired, as chains parted and shackles fell, was a salute to freedom, and their advancing columns, as their shouts of victory filled the air, made the hope of the far future the fruition of to-day. What these dead men lived for and worked for and died for has been achieved. And the progress the land has made since the echo of the last gun of

the war faded into silence is beyond the prospect of our hightest hopes. The days of war are done, The stars on the flag seem brighter and the blue eems deeper and the stripes more crimson as its olds wave to-day, not over battledelds and marching divisions and gleaming guns, but over a united Nation; over people living in peaceful communion; over men bound by the ties of patriotic love and a land made stronger by the recollection of dangers suffered in the past, and by the knowledge that the triumph won by the Union arms was not for years. out for all time.

Young men and maidens, cover these graves with flowers! old men and matrons, unite to do them honor! children, read of them, think of them and never forget them, for they secured your heritage. And, as we devote this day to those who lie around us here in quiet rest, lat their memories and beyond the flood, "stand dressed in living green."

AT CHICAGO.

The Rain Interrupts the Programme-Citonel Carr's Oration.

Memorial Day at Chicago was cold and rainy, and the contemplated parade had to be postponed. It was expected that 13,500 men would be in line, and a grand stand had been erected on the lake shore, where the memorial services were to be held, but at the last moment it was decided to abandon this programme, and hold men dropping down where they halted, and the early reveille arousing the worn sleepers for the cordingly, escorted by the Second regiment. cordingly, escorted by the Second regiment, National Guards, the following Posts marched at 4 o'clock to the armory : George H. Thomas Every one who has been in the service can recal! Post, No. 5, H. B. Thompson commander; Whitsome act of soldierly daring, some deed worthy of real renown, on the part of the private soldier Lyons Post, No. 7, D. L. Carmichael commander; Lyons Post, No. 9, Anthony Oyen commander; which has claim to record and historic mention. Post No. 28, A. W. Gray commander; General oftion, and yet too often without hope, kept at | George A. Custer Post, No. 40, J. L. Danentheir post, and, guided by love of country, watched | hower in command; Abraham Lincoln Post, for the enemy and fought for victory. The officer had gained his rank, and besides the promptings of duty, he was sustained by the proper pride in his position, which upholds those who command.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows opened the services with prayer, and Colonel C. E. Carr, course of his remarks he said :

While the anniversary of Independence will ever sacred of our national anniversaries. On this day we especially call to mind our martyr beroes. We see them in imagination, when, in the arms of hopes of youth, the ambitious of young manhood, the strength of maturity, to the glory of citizenship, On how sweet to them their lives had become. With smiles upon their lips they left all, Our country is saved, redeemed, established upon firm undations. The Nation marches on in greatness lecay, mixing "forever with the elements," are brothers to the insensible rock and to the slug-

gish clod," sanctifying the earth upon which we The highest homage which can be paid to a man is to carry out to complete fruition the plane, the applications, the hopes of his life. The heroes of Imerica laid down their lives for the grandeur, effort which tends to these ends is a memorial to them. Everything which tends to the purity, the virtue, the prosperity of the people, every wise and beneficent law, every noble sentiment, every valuable discovery or invention, everything which ends to banish want, and hunger, and vice, and disease, and ignorance, everything that tends to iff up and ennoble humanity is honor and praise and adoration of the men who gave their lives that

their country might live. Let us strive to bedeck "the whole earth" with ness, and hope. These are the sweetest, brightest, the most fragrant and beautiful flowers we can

bring to decorate the sepulcher of brave men. Mayor Harrison also made a brief speech. At the conclusion of the services the veterans